

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 31.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 8 1810.

NO. 1125

VIRTUOUS LOVE REWARDED.

A TALE.

BY MISS WINDHAM FOOT JAMES.

(Continued.)

Adolphus, in selecting a partner, passed those ladies whose rank and figure demanded his attention, and proffered his hand to Clementina, who, blushing, thus said:

"You will excuse me, sir, whilst there are so many ladies of your own rank unengaged."

Ere Adolphus had time to answer, Emily came up to ask him to take Miss Drummond for his partner; but he gave this laconic reply: "I am already engaged."

"Pray, with whom?" she interrogated.

"With this young lady," rejoined Adolphus, looking at Clementina.

"Humph!" returned his sister, turning up her nose, and tossing away.

Adolphus, unobserved by all but Ferdinand, who was a vigilant spectator of his actions, took the trembling hand of Clementina, and said: "The lovely Clementina will not again, I hope, refuse my request; nay, continued he, for she looked a refusal, 'I will not then dance.'"

Not the blushes of Aurora when she undraws her purple curtains, and bursts forth in roseate hue; nor the crimson banners which Phœbus unfurls in the occident, when he sails down the golden horizon; nor the glow of the damask rose, after being washed with the silver dew, can be put in competition with the beautiful vermilion that suffused the cheeks of Clementina. At length, however, she consented to accompany him down the dance.

Ferdinand, whose partner was Miss Drummond, as he followed her light and elegant form in the mazy windings of the sprightly dance, gazed at her with augmented admiration; indeed, his thoughts and eyes were so constantly devoted to her, that he committed innumerable blunders.

Never, perhaps, did nature exhibit a more lovely object than Clementina appeared. The exercise of dancing gave such a brilliancy to her cerulean eyes, that they rivalled the jewels which were worn by her superiors, whilst the soft pressures of her partner's hand raised the carmine on her cheek to the glowing colour of a ruby. She was the object of universal admiration; though, in fact, it was compounded with a little envy; for both her equals and superiors envied her extreme beauty, and her dancing with so illustrious a partner. But, notwithstanding the snakey goddess infused a little of her venom into their bosoms, they were infinitely delighted, and agreeably entertained.

Miss Cleveland, though at first she was displeased at dancing with persons so greatly her inferior, thinking it a disparagement to her dignity, became at length extremely vivacious. But, I believe, the cause of her hilarity resulted in some measure from her being the partner of a young nobleman, alternately with whom and her cousin she danced the whole evening.

After supper, Mrs. Murray proposed music,

to which her visitors readily assented. Miss Cleveland, as requested, took her seat at the harpsichord, her sister at the piano. Adolphus played the German flute, Sir Theobald the violoncello, while Ferdinand, who was greatly inebriated, scraped, in dissonant notes, on the violin. Several other instruments were played by ladies and gentlemen, whose names are not material to mention.

They had played several pieces, and, whilst they were selecting others, Mrs. Murray, observing that the harp stood by neglected, requested Clementina, whom she knew struck the chords of that instrument in notes celestial, to play it, and accompany the harmony with, as she was pleased to say, 'the soul-thrilling cadences of her melodious voice.' Clementina, who would rather have been excused, obeyed; but it was with modesty and diffidence peculiar to herself alone. The moment she began, every voice was hushed in silence; the company were all ear, whilst their eyes were fixed upon her lovely form, as she gracefully bent over the harp, her fine taper fingers sweeping its strings in strains that angels might have learned from heaven to hear. Adolphus was absolutely transfixed with amazement when he beheld who it was that filled the room with such divine harmony. He knew not that she could play upon any instrument. Whilst he gazed at her, these lines of Waller occurred to his imagination.

'The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud;
Small force their needs to make them tremble so,
Touched by that hand, who would not tremble too.'

"What a voice!" was reiterated amongst the higher circle.

A former's daughter said to one who sat next to her, "See! how Mr. Seymour looks at her; he certainly will be in love with her."

"I think he is already," returned the fair one to whom it was addressed; "and I am sure," continued she, "it is enough to make one angry with her if it be so."

"So say I," replied her companion, "and, as you say, 'if it be so;' and I should not at all wonder, for one often reads of such things in novels, you know, why, I suppose, she will be as proud as Lucifer."

At the hour of twelve, the coach arriving for the Cleverlands, they took their leave. Ferdinand, notwithstanding his intoxication, insisted upon mounting the horse which was rode by the servant, who, he said, could return behind the carriage. Accordingly, finding that all argument was vain, (indeed they might as well have attempted reasoning with a maniac) they set off. The animal upon which Ferdinand was mounted, being extremely high mettled, and finding that his rider was totally unable to govern him, no sooner came into the public road than he set off full speed. Ferdinand, though falling from one side to the other, kept his seat; but coming to a brook which, with great rapidity, ran near the house of Mr. Ashton, the animal leaped over it, and dashed his rider to the ground. A peasant, who happened to be passing, seeing him fall, immediately assisted him to rise. He de-

clared himself not able to remount his horse, and complained of being extremely hurt which was really not the case; but he thought it would be a good opportunity to make himself acquainted with Ashton; he therefore told the rustic to lead him to the house. Mrs. Ashton immediately set about washing the dirt from his face and hands, and procured a balm to rub his temples, which office was performed by Clementina.

He had been at the farm nearly quarter of an hour before the coach which he had left a mile behind, passed. It was stopped by Ashton, who apprised the ladies and gentlemen of what had happened. They immediately alighted, and followed him into the house.

But not all their entreaties and persuasions could prevail on Ferdinand to return home with them in the carriage. He pertinaciously continued firm in the resolution of either remounting the horse, or of walking home the next morning. Finding that all reasoning with him was vain, they assented to the latter, and, re-ascending the coach, drove expeditiously home.

Early the next morning, nay before the 'peep of dawn,' a servant was dispatched to the farm. He returned home with favourable intelligence, saying, that his young master was very well, and would be at home in the course of two or three hours.

Ferdinand's caprice for staying at the farm was for the purpose of having an opportunity of intimating his passion to Clementina. Being perfectly recovered from his intoxication, and not having received any injury from his fall, he arose early. He was entering the parlour, but, at hearing the soft voice of Clementina, he stopped, and looking through the crevice of the door, which stood ajar, beheld the lovely girl sitting on the window-seat. She held in her hand a book in which she was reading aloud. Ferdinand softly entered, and stood unperceived looking over her shoulder upon the book, which he perceived was Prior's Poems. She was reading Henry and Emma. Ferdinand, at her repeating of these two lines,

'For I attest, fair Venus and her son,
That I of all mankind will love but thee alone,'

gently laid hold of her hand, which hung over the back of a chair that stood near, saying, "O, happy Henry!"

Clementina started from her seat, and avowed her surprise at seeing him in the room, saying, that she did not observe him enter. She politely inquired how he did.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind inquiries," said he; "but, alas! I have received a formidable wound."

"Indeed, Sir!" she returned; then had we not better send for a surgeon?"

"Alas!" rejoined he, "I fear it is too desperate for the skill of a surgeon. Ah, Clementina!" he continued, seizing her hand, "the balm with which you last night bathed my temples, should have been infused in to my heart."

"Really, sir," replied she withdrawing her hand from his grasp, "I do not understand you."

"Are you then, sweet maid! a stranger to

love?" rejoined he. "Oh! Clementina, did you know what I have suffered since my first casual sight of you, your gentle heart would pity me."

"Nay, sir," she returned, "I must beg you to decline talking thus." So saying, she was leaving the room; but he prevented her by setting his foot against the door.

"You must excuse this momentary detention," said he, "but perhaps it may be long ere I shall have an opportunity of declaring to the beautiful authoress of my misery, the dearest wishes of my heart. Matchless girl!" continued he, "suffer me to become your lover and protector! Live not thus secluded from the great world, buried in dead obscurity; but accompany me to those scenes of happiness and pleasure, where crowds would gaze in admiration at thy charms!"

She returned: "I can scarcely brook so humiliating an insult. Not to mention the loss of virtue, which is dearer to me than life itself, do you think, Sir, that for a few days of criminal and delusive pleasure, I would forsake my—I may say father and mother: those kind fosterers of my infantile years, the guardians of my childhood, and the protectors of my youth? What a base and ungrateful wretch should I be! how would their kindness be abused! and the result of my undutifulness and unpardonable conduct would be disgrace, shame, and infamy! Even had a prince made me so villainous a proposal, I would have rejected it with contempt and scorn, and ever afterward should have thought abjectly of him."

"Well, I ask your pardon, angelic girl!" rejoined he, "and thus let me seal it." So saying, he snatched her to his bosom, and imprinted furious kisses on her ruby lips. She, however, soon broke from him, and, rushing out of the room, was met at the door by Adolphus and the two young ladies.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT.

I never knew but one person who interfered between man and wife, either with safety or success. Upon the domestic pro and con once, between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine (who happened to be by) hit the husband a stroke with the right hand, crying, "Be quiet, you brute!" and struck the woman at the same time with his left saying, "Hold your tongue, you vixen!" Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets, with a "Peace, you monster!—Have done, you termagant!—Hands off, you coward!—Retire, you virago!"—a fit of shame and laughing seized them both at the same time, at such extraordinary and impartial umpirage: They shook hands immediately, and became good friends for the rest of their lives.

Sterne.

Kidnapped and Fugitive Kings.

The ex-king of Spain, his queen, and daughter, the ex-queen of Etruria, with Godoy, late prince of peace were at Marseilles at the last dates.—The king occupied his time at his old amusements, fishing, fowling and hunting. His fame for one of these enjoyments is thus hit at by a facetious bard who has volunteered to write his epitaph:

Here lies a glorious king of Spain,
Whose praises every poet pipes,
Renowned for many a big campaign,
And dealing death among the snipes.

Yet laugh not, living kings I pray,
Because his planet so beswined him—
This king of Spain, I dare to say,
Leaves many a fool, with crowns, behind him.

Reflections on visiting the Ruins of a Habitation wherein generations have passed away and are forgotten, by the stranger.

THE RUIN.

The thistle had perched on the top of the glen,
And its head drooping down to the ground,
Seemed to mourn for the cottage that once there had been,
And the herbage looked gloomy around.

At a few shortening yards from the place where I stood,
In the back ground tall mullens arose
And round them their offspring, a numerous brood,
And the thornbush supplanted the rose.

Of yore thus the statesman and warrior have fled,
For wisdom or valour renowned,
And a thistle scarce springs on their deep narrow bed
To tell where their bones may be found.

In a few passing years I too shall lie low,
In some grey, narrow bed on the heath,
Which the moss covered rock, or the rank grass may show,
But my memory will be buried in lethe.

Thus empires and systems in time shall decay,
And chaos usurp the domain,
And planets estranged from their paths go astray,
Till God shall illumine them again.

Why pants the fond mind with such anxious desire,
That the memory should outlive the frame,
When the senses and body together expire,
Alas! of what value's a name?

As I mused an old man with an age whitened head,
Passed by: from his eye dropped a tear;
My father once lived, kind stranger he said,
And his straw covered cottage stood here.

And I myself too, once had kindred and friend
To screen me from pity or scorn,
But bountiful heaven can resume what it lends,
And they, like the cottage, are gone.

With measured steps slow he moved over the plain,
When his grief pregnant ditty he told,
But his woeful robed visage my thoughts will retain,
Till the bands which enclose them are cold.

But the sunbeams fast fading have fled from the hills,
And the night shades invite to retire,
Gloomy silence now reigns, save the sound of the rills,
Or the crickets notes heard through the pyre.

Adieu then thou ancient and mouldering urn,
Sad memorial of what man has been,
When enveloped in sin to cause sorrows return,
I will visit your sad ruins again.

SONG.

BY HOPKINSON.

The traveller, benighted and lost,
O'er the mountain pursues his lone way;
The stream is all candy'd with frost,
And the icicle hangs on the spray:
He wanders in hopes some kind shelter to find,
Whilst through the sharp hawthorn still blows the cold wind.

The tempest blows dreary around,
And rends the tall oak in its flight:
Fast falls the cold snow on the ground,
And dark is the gloom of the night:
Lone wanders the traveller, a shelter to find,
Whilst through the sharp hawthorn still blows the cold wind.

No comfort the wild woods afford,
No shelter the traveller can see;
Far off are his bed and his board,
And his home were he wishes to be;
His hearth's cheerful blaze still engages his mind,
Whilst through the sharp hawthorn still blows the cold wind.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL BOHN.

Bohn, a lieutenant general in the Russian service, was of humble birth, but of an enterprising spirit; and, during the steps of rapid promotion artfully concealed his boundless pride under the show of unassuming merit. The moment he got the general's staff, its touch seemed to efface from his mind all remembrance of his low parentage, and to extinguish in his heart every emotion of filial love. His poor mother, who had been left a widow in straitened circumstance on hearing that her son then high in military rank, was arrived at Copenhagen, set off with transport to give him joy and clasp him in her fond arms. She called at his lodgings and hearing that he was not at home, she desired the servants to tell their master that she was his mother who was come from Bornholm on purpose to see him, and would call again next morning. Upon this information, the general flew into a great passion, saying, his mother had been dead many years ago, and that this must be some needy person or other, or, perhaps out of her mind; and ordered his aid de camp, if she called again to give her ten ducats, and send her away, that he might not be farther troubled with her. The mother called next morning—the aid-de-camp did as he was directed, and offered her ten ducats as his master's charity—she threw them indignantly on the ground, and said with tears in her eyes, "I did not come here to beg charity, but to see my son, and since he can both deny and despise his mother I shall return whence I came, and trouble him no more."

The upstart general's unnatural conduct soon became the subject of common conversation and common abhorrence, till at length it reached the ears of Catherine I the empress of Russia, who sent for the woman, and being fully satisfied that she was the general's mother, commanded him to appear before her. "What said she to Bohn, are you ashamed of having had a minister for your father, and this amiable woman, his widow for your mother, while I, though sprung from vassals, so far from blushing at glory in my humble birth! Look also at general Baur—think of his generous behaviour to all his relations, even of a much lower degree than yours. You are a monster and deserve to be treated as such; but I do not forget your eminent services in the army. Settle immediately two hundred rubles a year on your mother, during her life; and be grateful that my anger does not extend to any severer punishment."

ANECDOTE.

Extracted from Hall's Travels in Scotland.

Being invited to dine with a gentleman near Aulden, when I was praising the salad, which I found extremely good, he said, smiling: "You need not be afraid, it is not dressed with castor oil." Upon inquiring what he alluded to he told me that a gentleman and his lady, in the neighbourhood, who sometimes as is the case in inland places, where there are no resident doctors, when any of their tenants are sick, recommend an emetic, or the like, to them, and at their own expence afford the medicine. This gentleman having made an appeal to the house of peers about a large estate, was at London; and, as he gained the process and was about to return to Scotland, he bought some gallons of castor oil, to lie at his house and be served out as occasion should require. Upon his arrival in Scotland, as it is natural all the nobility and gentry, who were acquainted with him, came to dine with him and congratulate him and the family on so many thousand pounds yearly being added to their fortune. When most all of the genteel families for twenty miles round had paid their compliments to him in this manner and he and his lady found leisure to hear the complaints of those sick people that applied to them he found that some castor oil might be useful to a person that had come to consult them. Upon this, he rang the bell for John, the servant, who appearing and being desired to bring some castor oil, replied: "It is all gone." "Done!" replied the gentleman, "do you not know there is a keg of it lately come from London?" "Yes, but if it please your honor that one is done too." "How can that be?" replied the gentleman, in a passion, "Why sir, you have had such a round of company almost every day since it came, and always sallied at table that it is all gone." "Don't you know it is castor oil I want, and that the name is written in large letters on the

ask? "So it is," replied the servant, "but as your honour knows, it was for the c-stons, and dressing the sallad: it is all gone." "O you scoundrel, now understand you; so you have been dressing the sallad all this time with it." But hark, John, for God's sake do not mention it. The truth is, all the company were highly pleased with the sallads, and had of ten spoke in their praise; and the gentleman and his family had never in their life a better summer's health than the people that visited him.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1810

Five Boys were on Monday examined at the Police Office, on a charge of robbing Moses Rogers, E-q's house in State street. The discovery was made by one of the boys, who informed of the rest of the gang; which consisted altogether of seven. Mr. Rogers house has been shut up during the summer, the family residing at Stamford. The boys cut out one of the panes of glass in the cooler, and by that means obtained entrance into the house; where they have been committing depredations for several weeks past. They have carried off considerable property in plate, linen, &c. It is supposed they have several accomplices.

At 12 o'clock on Monday night, a fire was discovered in a small back building in a cross street near Leonard Lisenard's place, the upper end of Greenwich-street. The building in which it originated, with four small dwellings, together with Mr. Uffington's Gold Leaf Manufactory, were consumed; and we are sorry to learn that Mr. Uffington's loss has been considerable.

BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER 1, 1810.

Was set on fire, on Friday morning between two and three o'clock the dwelling house No. 43 Hanover-street, the property of Jacob Hoffman, the fire originated from a rat, which conveyed a lighted candle from the fire hearth, to a closet where the hole was, the fire originated at the hole and made its progress through the ceiling; but was happily discovered before any material damage was done. It is singular that the rat was found dead after the fire was extinguished. It is hoped the above will be a caution to those who are in the habit of letting lighted candles stand in low places after retiring.

ASIATIC HUNT.

Bengal, April 25.—About a fortnight ago, a party of gentlemen went from Kishenagar to hunt the wild bear; but, not meeting with any sport, one of the number (Mr. Kelso) quitted his companions, and set out on his return home. He had proceeded but a short distance, when a bear was started, and finding himself attacked by the hunters, took his course across the very road by which Mr. Kelso was returning. Mr. Kelso immediately galloped up to the bear, with the intention of spearing him—but just as he came within reach his horse tripped and unfortunately fell.—The shaft of his spear, at the same time took the ground; while the point entered his side between the ribs and the haunch bone, and by the violence of the fall, was driven completely through his body—the entire blade and part of the shaft issuing from the loin of the same side. At the same critical instant, he was

charged by the bear, who ripped up the flanks of one of his arms (which he instinctively stretched out, with a view to ward him off) from the fingers to the elbow, and would unquestionably have put him to death, had not his attention been diverted by another of the gentlemen, who providentially came up at the moment, and threw his spear, a little way short of the spot where Mr. Kelso lay. To add to the horrible circumstances of the accident, it was found impracticable to extract the weapon in any other way than by drawing its whole length through the wound. This was accordingly done, and Mr. Kelso was conveyed to Kishenagar. Notwithstanding the formidable appearance and dangerous course of the wound, it fortunately had not passed through any vital part, and the great flow of blood effectually contributed to prevent inflammation, without proceeding to such a height as to be in itself a source of danger. We learn with much pleasure, that contrary to the apprehensions at first entertained, Mr. Kelso is now considered to be in a fair way of recovery.

London, July 13

The principal articles contained in the French Papers, from which we make extracts this day, is the account of an alarming fire, which broke out in a temporary ball-room, during a fete given to Bonaparte and his Empress by the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Schwarzenberg. The conflagration commenced by a wax candle coming in contact with a thin muslin curtain, which spread the flames, notwithstanding every effort to extinguish them till the whole edifice, which was of wood, paper, and canvas, was in a state of general conflagration. Notwithstanding the confusion, the company had all got out of the room into the gardens, without the loss of a single life; but unhappily the maternal affection of the Princess Pauline of Schwarzenberg (wife of Prince Joseph, the Ambassador's brother) who presided at the fete, became alarmed on missing her daughter, and this Lady rushed again into the flames in search of her child, and unhappily perished. She left eight children, and was far advanced in a state of pregnancy! This is the only fatal accident that occurred during this wofully terminated festivity.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman, dated Smyrna, Feb. 16, 1810.

"About midnight I experienced a considerable shock of an earthquake, and while at dinner next day the shock was twice repeated. I have since learned that the same earthquake was felt, in all its terrific force, in the Island of Candia (the ancient Crete)—That the greater part of the city of Candia, and all its fortifications are entirely destroyed, and a destructive fire raging at the same time added to the miseries of the wretched inhabitants—that eight villages in the neighbourhood of Candia are but heaps of rubbish, and many thousand people buried in the ruins of their own dwellings, drowned in the rush of water or perished by the fire, for it seems as if all the elements had conspired in vengeance against this unhappy island. The olive fields are destroyed, and the most luxurious part of this beautiful Island exhibits at present but one wide waste of ruin, devastation, and death. The earthquake has been (40 letters which are received mention) felt in Cairo, Alexandria, Malta, Sicily, and in all the Islands of the Archipelago; in many of which it has thrown down houses, and done other damage."

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHAT is the world to them,
Is pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other's woe whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish heart can wish;
Some thing than beauty dearer, should they look
On the mud, or mind illumined face!
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening the 1st inst. by the Rev. C. D. Westbrook, Mr. Richard Repelle, of Fishkill to Miss Ann Currie, daughter of Mr. Archibald Currie, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, at Newburgh, by the Rev. Jas. Scrimgeour, the Rev. James M. Matthews, of this city, to Miss Charlotte Walsh, daughter of Hugh Walsh, Esq. of the former place.

On Sunday evening 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Price Mr. J. Clarke of Jefferson county, to Miss Elizabeth Flagg, daughter of Mr. Josiah Flagg of Berkely county.

MORTALITY.

How happy is the man who views serene,
Unmov'd the changes of life's varying scene,
And who with philosophic eye can scan,
The different lot assigned on earth to man.

DIED.

On the 3d inst. at his late residence in New-Windsor, in the County of Orange, William Ellison, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place aged, 71 years At Albany, Major Jacob Wright, of this city, aged about 60 years.

Near Newark, N. J. on the 27th Aug. Mr. Caleb B. Bowering, aged 40, formerly a resident of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Catherine Skinner At Philadelphia, Mr. Jacob W. Lrwerswyler, aged 29 years.

FROM THE BALRIGH MINEAVAL.

EPIGRAM.

Old Satan acted wise, I trow,
In tempting Eve to evil;
For women, it is granted, now,
Would tempt the very devil!

SANS SOUCI.

WANTED.

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Cash Given for clean COTTON, and LINEN
at this office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FROM THE CHARLESTON TIMES.

QUEBECK.

In imitation of Campbell's Hohenlinden.

Loud howl'd the storm, dark gloom'd the night,
The cloudless stars denied their light,
To those who to the bloody fight,
Advanc'd in darkness silently.

No noisy drum alarm'd the ear,
No trumpet broke the silence drear,
Nor e'er a footstep could you hear,
As slow they mov'd, and warily.

Quebeck, thy towering ramparts high,
That night had doom'd in flames to lie,
Had not the terrors of the sky,
Oppos'd thy foemen's bravery.

Now dreary silence is no more,
Earth shakes beneath the cannon's roar,
The spotless snows are lim'd with gore,
And carnage riots horribly.

The gloomy face of murky night,
Is lumin'd by the streams of light,
That upwards from the field of fight,
Gleam to the black sky fearfully.

Ah! ye brave, your homes again
Ye ne'er shall see—for on the plain
The flower of thy force lies slain,
And Britain shouts triumphantly.

Ah, where that loud and piercing yell?
'Twas Freedom, when her hero fell;
A bullet wing'd by fiends of hell,
Has slain the flower of chivalry.

Tho' he is doom'd to perish here,
Tho' humble is the warrior's bier,
Yet moisten'd by a soldier's tear,
His name shall live eternally.
H.

The Song which follows is taken from a new melo-
drama of "Brian Borohme," written by Mr.
Marra, of the Dublin Theatre.

BRIAN BOROHME.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIMENT.

Shade of my fathers! now my soul inspire,
Whilst with enraptured lay, I fondly trace
The warlike glories of victorious Brian!

SONG.—AIR, "CROHAUNA VENER."

Strike the harp! raise the song of
great Brian!
And oft the 'rapt bard his glories shall renew;
In peace mild and bounteous, in battle a lion,
In the hearts of his subjects reigns Brian Borue.

How oft to the combat for Ireland so glorious,
Undaunted, to shield her the hero quickly flew!
How oft crown'd with conquest, returning victorious,
We hail'd Erin's champion, great Brian Borue!

On Tara's fam'd plains, when by myriads surrounded,
Bright gleam'd his broad falchion, his javelin straight
flew;

Till the foes of our Isle, with pail terror confounded,
Bow'd their necks to the victor, great Brian Borue!

Then, chieftains of Erin, remember great Brian:
Still valiant and brave, his example pursue;
And knights of the red branch, young lord of lion,
May'st thou rival in glory great Brian Borue.

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE,
CHEMICALEY PREPARED
BY NATHANIEL SMITH,
Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, of the Golden Rose
No. 150, Broad-Way, New-York.

Among the various complaints to which the human body is subject, there are perhaps, none more universal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though there is no immediate danger yet they are often both very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth, being that part of the human frame by which the voice is considerably modulated, without considering what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery his study for thirty years in London and America, besides his apprenticeship has had an opportunity of gaining great information on this subject and others in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chymically prepared, Smith would now offer the public, is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and preserving the gums fastening in those that are loose making them firm and strong preventing rotten and decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents severe and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers round the base of the tooth, which it suffered to remain, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared as it can be warranted not to contain any of those acid and acrimonious substances which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the end destroys the enamel occasions severe pains and rottenness of the teeth; these with many other inconveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powders are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to have the materials of the best quality and made in the most skilful manner, for those things when made by unskilful hands, greatly injures what it was at first intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under his own inspection.

4s per box.

March 10

1099—tf

S. GARDETTE SURGEON DENTIST.

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that he is returned from his Summer Tour, and has resumed the practice of his profession, as heretofore at No. 24, Nassau-street, nearly opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of extracting teeth, is sufficiently known, so as not to require his saying any thing on that subject; he will only observe, that such Teeth or matters of Teeth, as are considered by many too difficult for extraction, he gives his positive assurance of being able to remove with a slight degree of pain.

He remedies the loss of Teeth, by replacing artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a principle that renders them, not only useful, but secure and un-discoverable in appearance.

Tartar which is the principal distemper of Teeth, should be removed with the greatest precaution, for which reason, S. Gardette has provided himself with Instruments, the invention of the celebrated LARROCHE of PARIS, that are perfectly safe, and answer the desired purpose.

His anti-septic Elixer and Dentrifice for the teeth and gums, may be had as above.

COTTON BALLS AND BONNET WIRE.

American and English manufactured Cotton Balls and Bonnet Wires, the first quality, and of all numbers, for sale by

SAUNDERS AND LEONARD,

119 William Street,

March 10,

1099—tf

PLAYING CARDS.

Best American and English Playing Cards,
by the Pack, or dozen,
For sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

JOHN I. VANDERPOOL,

LATE PARTNER TO JAMES M. SMYTHE,

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken that convenient stand at No. 101, Greenwich-street, very near Rector-street, where he intends to carry on the Ladies Shoe Making in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the business for upwards of ten years in the first shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

Likewise, Gentlemen may have Boots, and Shoes made in the most fashionable manner and at the shortest notice.

J. I. Vanderpool intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen which will enable him by strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies and Gentlemen, by sending their messages shall be personally attended to at their respective abodes, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

August 18

1122—tf

SCHOOL.

The Subscriber wishes to inform his patrons and the public, that he has commenced School at No. 335 Water-Street, near New-Slip, and teaches the art of Penmanship upon the latest and most approved plan and professes to equal any; and has introduced an entire new plan of teaching Spelling and Reading, whereby Pupils will, in three months, acquire more correct knowledge therein than they possibly can in six months by any other plan or means hitherto used: Encouragement at which, and the other branches of English Literature is earnestly solicited. The strictest attention will be paid to order and the civil deportment of the pupils, by W. D. LAZELL.

New-York, June 2

1111—tf

CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT.

The Roasting Wax Tapers which will burn ten hours and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfectly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

They are recommended to the physician, the sick and others who may require or wish a light during the night.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, No. 3, Peck-Slip, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

1103

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.
FOR THE YEAR 1809,
NEATLY BOUND,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, put in the ground and warranted tight by

C. ALFORD,

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN with a pen for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES, Of various sizes just received, and for sale Cheap, No. 3, PECK-SLIP.

WANTED.

An Apprentice to the Chair Making Business, Apply at No. 8 Peck-Slip

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANN